S1, 177

There are records of many transactions that took place in that house; they sit dumbly spooled on long rolls of paper in a locked box now.

~~Victorian Social science fiction story~~

There is no access to them that made the records.

I shall never forget their faces at the windows, staring out the house with all that gloom, yet the suggestion of some fiendish pleasure. Bitter lesson! In my hope that this science ~~Thinking it~~ would all be a force for goodness, I had thought to pledge it ~~this science~~ to Her Majesty's government for the cause of peace and the betterment ~~betterment~~ of the savages. ~~Were these discoveries~~ Were ~~puissant against one's foes, I~~ ~~they could be pledged to the suppression of enemies, whether domestic or alien.~~ ~~But~~ they are hurtful only under a condition of love. I shall go to Canterbury in search of guidance.

I had hoped these discoveries could be turned against foes and criminals, and help evaporate the hate and cruelty abroad in the world, either immediate or distant. But evil is unharmed by them.

~~Ethic~~

I have no way of estimating whether these data are of scientific or Diabolic, origin. It is not for me or this time to judge; I have sealed them away. ~~That~~ They might be got at in times that may come.

#00327

#00425

S1,176

Other side.

(Victorian sci-fic.)

They took their places again on the great board, amongst the finely-wrought symbols of my devising, ready to enact their thoughts and inventions. I could sense the mood to be something more than before — both from the demeanor of the participants and from the →

#00408

S1,175

19th C Social Science-Fiction story

It is clear from my observations that the contagion of ~~the~~ the psychic paramorph is unbelievable.

#00332

...

[Part of the idea is you can only infer slowly what is REALLY happening.]

[Also: psychchic paramorph is dread, love ~~that condition of contagion~~ some whole state people seem to catch at once.]

S1,174

19th Fic Earlier Stages —

Leaving strange tokens & pebbles with which family replies in kind.

~~Tap~~ Rapping with his cane expressively.

#00421

S1, 173

Ah C thing

Who were they trying to tell me? To what things at before were they replying? - All remarks seem to answer previous ones

~~seem to answer previous ones~~

and some answer many in a faroff way.

~~and some answer many in~~

~~[illegible]~~

How does one tell...?

#0041

S1,172

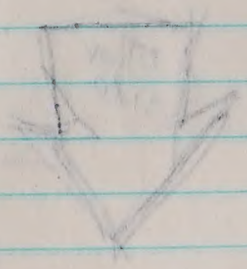
other side

Short Story — a social science "Frankenstein" (not in plot but in academic spirit)

A long correspondence between two guys who are discovering weird things about Man. In the 1890's. Both are professors of odd topics — Classics & Moral Philosophy, I would suppose.

Crux of it is how one guy (at least) is experimenting with all weird variables he finds that affect the human condition — ~~not~~ even having real findings, or so I'd prefer. →

#2200#



SCOOTER STORY

Title: 'Shifting Gears'
or
'Downshift'
or something.

Most people are not even aware of the desolation ~~and dreariness~~ and grimness that exists not very far from where they are; or of the extent to which they keep themselves from seeing it.

For ~~as~~ you tidy your life ~~for instance, you~~ and prune to neatness those things around you that you do not much want to see. This is true of places as well as people; and I will talk of places because I prefer to.

I learned about the places of death — *I mean poetic death, though that is surely not all — by driving. I learnt, and clarified my thoughts as I neatened my life; for I have neatened it. I bought a motorscooter — when I was twenty-three, and this became the first and strong fact of my life, though I did not

expect it to do so.

When I was just out of the army, and very ready to become something, ~~the and~~ ~~the initials had not worn off my briefc~~ ~~the gold had n~~ there was still gold-leaf in my briefcase initials, I bought a motor scooter. It was all black — a Felle — ~~and~~ ~~of the~~ it was of moderate power (for a scooter) and it had ~~rather a too~~ a ragtish cornflower on the leg-shield — the trademark. (I do not to this day actually know if it is a cornflower, but I have been calling it that, and ~~that it shall stay.~~ I don't wish to look it up now.)

My mother did not like the scooter, as she thought it was a motorcycle, and I could not make her understand ~~that~~ what it is like to be a bachelor

expect it to do so.

When I was just out of the army and very ready to become something, the end ~~the initials had not worn off my [illegible]~~ ~~the gold had n~~ there was still gold leaf. My briefcase initials I bought a motor scooter: was all black — a Tella — ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ it was of immoderate power (a scooter) and it had ~~rather a [illegible]~~ a cornflower on the leg-shield — the trademark. (I do not to this day actually know if it is a cornflower; but I have been calling it that, and ~~that it shall stay~~ don't wish to look it up now.)

My mother did not like the scooter, she thought it was a motorcycle, I could not make her understand what it is like to be a bachelor.

nowadays. But that was all right, for, as a bachelor, I do not live with her.

The motorscooter was for me a symbol, at that time, of what I was and what life would be like for me. (I still see it as a symbol, but its meaning has shifted.) The image in my mind — from an ~~New Yorker~~ ad, I suppose, ~~and of course I did not~~ — was that of a pretty girl on the back of the saddle — perhaps riding demurely, with her legs both off one side: her arms around me, her enthusiasm for the ride → Of course I did not take this picture literally, as a snapshot of my life-to-be. But still I felt that the girl on the back seat ~~was a part of the motor~~ would somehow materialize — this was my little joke to myself. Still, in my thought I suppose she was a part of ~~the~~ my motorscooter, smiling and waving (but only at friends.) Is not that your impression too?

showing all over her face, her hair wind-whipped, perhaps even waving to friends off somewhere.

I have taken several girls — my mother included — for rides, even long ones. Some liked it, but they were girls I had no cause to see again. My passengers were more often male friends from the office or Army acquaintances passing through New York. No one has ever ridden my scooter regularly, though, except myself.

The shirt-sleeve phase, ~~the honeymoon of~~ ~~fine~~ passes quickly, you know. There is a honeymoon of a few weeks — in the sunshine I would often whip ~~over to New Jersey~~ ~~over~~ through Central Park or over to New Jersey — but after a time ~~you~~ one comes to know rain, and what it is like to fall over when you make a turn, and the scooter-motor loses its ~~po~~ factory

purr for a clashier sound. The rain stings one's face, but it is the falls to watch out for. To fall at speeds under thirty means bruises and skinnings for you, and torn clothing, and bash-marks on the machine. But that is if you are lucky, for people can fall in traffic, or at speeds over 30, and that is not nearly so nice.

After the honeymoon, then, my scooter taught me about the other parts of the world, times and places I had never seen. I had bought a helmet, and made a red mark on my speedometer so as to never go over 30, ...

S-0,33

Mtscr. Story 10

There are places out and around, as I have said, of a barrenness such as to turn your hair. There are cruelties of a harshness and carelessness I cannot describe, but only keep mentioning. When I speak of trucker's pants in which I have seen dogs wipped; or stockings thrown by the side of the road, I am sure by no feminine hand — of the snarling swearing I, in my long trip clothes, have received out ~~their~~ ~~their~~ there, at nonsensical

traffic-lights from burly chauffeurs in wild-throttled & battered cars — those can I use more than suggest. It may be, too, that my examples (if I told them to fullness) would seem pitiable and of no consequence, so that, by telling you everything, but able to show you none, I will have undercut my assertions. So only try to understand.

What I shall tell you about is the way that a motor scooter — once accepted, once affirmed into your life — must shape it.

I am faithful to my scooter, and I wear it every occasion. First was the helmet. I have heard of fractured skulls; I have fallen twice. So that I purchased, at the same place I first bought the machine, a fine little hard helmet — black, to match the machine, with five soft leather flaps coming down to warm my ears, and a shiny buckle to hold it on safely and tight. I cannot pretend I did not love the helmet at once. I was the bad guy in cowboy-land, I was a mysterious

80,35

I am faithful to my sweetly and I note it every concession first was the helmet. I have heard of fractured skulls; I have fallen twice. So that I purchases at the same place I first bought the machine a fine little hard helmet — black, to match the machine, with fine soft leather flaps coming down to warm my ears, and a shiny buckle to hold it on safely and tight. I cannot pretend I did not love the helmet at once. I was the bad guy and cowboy-land, I was a mysterious

tempted; I was the Duke of Windsor

in a shiny black derby.

That was the first helmet-love;
but there came more — for the
came more, and deeper, as I got
to know the fineness of its chamois,
the good temper of the leather
straps, the clinking noise it made
when tapped. And soon abrasions
cut into its black — from
scrapes and clumsy dropping and
even bumping my head in low doorways.
The scratches, too, strengthened me.

S-0, 37

14 ~~#5~~

... of a black a black and

slick sheen as either scooter or helmet. ~~Because~~

Because in my heart I am not a black

person, I liked the idea of

pretending, in a way, to be all over

black; and this fitted, too the

sort of ~~Purgatory~~ Purgatory the scooter was to me.

But I do not know much

about theology.

5-0,57

... of a black a black and

Nick Green as either Scotch or Irish. ~~[illegible]~~

Because in my heart I am not a black

person, I liked the idea of

pretending in a way, to be all over

a black, and thus fitted, too the

sort of ~~[illegible]~~ the Scotch was to me.

But I do not know much

about theology.

S-0,38

Marriage? Plucked chickens of
Wp. have to wait until I was
through with the Night School

Between Passaic & G.W. Br.

Secaucus

L.I. → It's not any one part
of Queens, it's the totality.
to think of the totality of
Queens could not be
pleasant for anyone.

2-6-38

Protocol of Sanitary Control
Mr. Lyon & Mr. Hyde
Marriage

Mr. Lyon & Mr. Hyde are both
Sanitary Control
Protocol

Mr. Lyon & Mr. Hyde are both
Sanitary Control
Protocol

Mr. Lyon & Mr. Hyde are both
Sanitary Control
Protocol

"A Fairy"

8-0,128

PLAY FOR MOTHER? Title: I still like "A Far Cry"-- with the ~~xxx~~ joke, "A Fur Piece," fitting in as the garb the heroine once wore in a calendar.

23/Aug/60

THIS actress, who has been inflated as a Hollywood sex queen, has been married by a brilliant playwright who had a rather bad brush with an Unamerican Committee once.
He married her for her windome quality in the midst of the sex-- a bruised, pained softness.
She was raped at sixteen and made a calendar once wearing a fur piece. This calendar has sold millions of copies.
He has continued to make it, somehow. He pulled himself out of the Unamerican hole and has since written some very good plays, not to mention the very good ones before his trouble. He is really one of America's finest playwrights. He does not ~~x~~ know what he's doing ~~xxxx~~ next, though.
She has been gradually waking up, somewhat-- in the sense of relaxing, becoming interested in things. There is not too much danger this will lose her freshness, that he loves, but might come up as a possibility.

Possible characters and sources of conflict.
She is pregnant. ('If I don't have this baby now I may not have another chance.' She is older than people think.)
He gets embroiled in some political matter. A very unlikely prospect. Would be ridiculous and ~~x~~ uninteresting on the local level, and there's no writing on the national.
The following kinds of people:
An old crony of his from Commie-cell times. ('You used to believe in peace and freedom!' 'I used to think they were easier come by.'...'I don't want any money, thanks-- I just wanted to see what you had become. Now I know; goodbye.') Colored?
Her pressagent, who has a grudge ~~for~~ against her husband for his background.
Her director, or even perhaps her author.
Egghead friends of his-- professors, etc.
Some stagehand or cameraman who once made love to her on the set.
An eager talented semi-sycophantic young writer out to Learn from Him.
More ideas?:
She is blackmailed-- in order to save him from something being revealed, or so she thinks, she must sleep with someone (make a movie, etc.)
Three-door business. House guest, bedrooms...

S-0,129

NO QUESTION but than that she must have an extremely penetrating intuition.

Same for him. And let's have no lines like "I saw a man on the train today-- stooped over with worry, his forehead all creased; I thought, everyone's like that, in a way..." Whatever this guy thinks to himself goes into his plays unmediated.

~~0,54~~ S-0,225

A FAR CRY

3 BITS ~~AR~~ ARE BUILDING IT.

1. An old party connection restored.
   She is tempted to call FBI, till she learns he is working with FBI. "Oh my darling! I'm so glad!" [cynically] "Are you? It is so easy, isn't it, to believe your side is right." "Do you think you're wrong?" "We were good friends, once, he and I..."
   ~~~~ J. EDGAR HOOVER, IF YOU'RE LISTENING...!

2. She has connection restored. With old director, stagehand once she'd slept with, is planning new picture — he seeks to blackmail her, browbeat her, to bed, though being only average-bad guy this is no previous plan of his but comes up — say, when he sees husband being abrupt with her?
   ~~~~

3. A kid. Come to worship writer, instead accidentally caught as a buffer by this famous woman.

→ They damn near go to bed

He: I really want to write about something! I know I will. *

She. What about desegregation? That's something.

He. Well, I don't know — *

She. What about disarmament? That's something.

He. I don't know about these things. I know they're real — but I can't quite feel them — I don't know what they mean —

(She kisses him.)

She. Write about that.

He. I don't know what that means either.

She. ~~Do research.~~ What would you do if you wanted to know about desegregation?

He. Do research...? (He kisses her.)

* Natch., this dialogue is fake & silly.

* She's newly aware of these issues.

* He's usually smooth and opinionated.

Perhaps you're wondering what all these people are doing in the house at this time. Well, let the author be kind of guy who ~~between~~ when working goes off to rooming house with paper & typewriter, in-between likes lots of people to fill up house.

This gives us interesting ending. Somebody says something — a look is exchanged between him and her — the typewriter is ~~in the~~ on table in middle, between them — they go forward to kiss, as it were, in giving-up, both of them to old roles, he the cynic, she the stupid swain for bed — and on the verge of kissing, over the typewriter he closes it and picks it up. She comes a little closer.

He. No, — not now — next week —

She. What was I said?
(Catching, on, happy)

S-O, 228

He. You didn't say anything. (Double-meaning)* Don't you know, you don't need to talk?

She. You'll be more than a week. I'll pack a bag

He. I'll come back for a bag tomorrow.

She. Or the next day.

He. Don't be ready for me.

She. All I'll have in the icebox will be mayonnaise.

He. The No-calorie kind.

She. And I'll ~~stay w~~ call in my old dressing-room maid for pinochle.

He (moving to kiss her): Very soon, my darling —

She (coming close, but lifting the typewriter into his arms) — Hurry.

* Ad: you're just flesh. Now: There is enough between us.

"L4 Service"

0,19

(A)

LIP SERVICE (There exist no pages 10-14. There are two sections, 1-16 and 17-28.)

A xx screwed-up short story.

It began with this idea for a movie scenario, and got long because there were things I wanted to do with light and shadow, say, at xx tea, some morning.

There are therefore two possibilities.
One is the long one, where PHilip, the hero, becomes snagged further and further* into a love-money affair with Denise, grows jealous of her other lover, whom he sees her kissing too much, and to save the marriage he tries something (I'm not clear what, though there's a false start here toward buying out) (in which Frank becomes unexpectedly harsh, revealing that his seeming trust in Philip had been a lie-- LIP SERVICE**) which brings a denouement. But there is two much here that I can't think up.
The other possibility is that I end the story during the first x lay-- this requires better setting-up but may be a more satisfactory story, ending:
Then something terrible happened. She kissed me wonderfully.

Incidentally, the name of the husband was changed from "John" to "Frank" somewhere along the way. That's because I want to publish it under the pseudonym "John Dog."

1 September 1960

0,20

It happened at a certain great university in the south of an important city, where they are just now getting rid of the slums that used to be close around the University, and the snow is eight inches deep, at least in the alleys, until March.

I was a graduate student. I happened to think a certain field was very important to me. If anything is important to me now, it is not that. Wherever I went, it seems, now that I think about it, I wore my galoshes, and carried my notes, and the people I talked to were never very friendly.

I had one friend named John. We met in a coffee shop -- he was shy, and a grad student in philosophy. We often had coffee around there, and I don't remember what we talked about. I suppose it is well not to see very much of anybody, or say very much to them, around a University.

0,21

Especially people you have only met in coffee shops.

However, one has got to talk to someone, after all, and you come to forget your wise rules--don't speak out in class, don't say anything too revealing, and all that. And I told him how lonely I was here. "I saw two of the loveliest girls, not together," I said. This was something I often thought about. "Each one I asked for her phone number, you know, after we'd been talking a while, they were both so lovely and intelligent." And they were both married. I hadn't looked, they both had wedding rings. I was so embarrassed."

0,22

.....

I was walking one morning. I had dawdled talking to a professor, so the streets and walks were not so full of people. It was a nice day; most of the snow on the walks was gone, and the streets looked almost as if they had been cleaned. I saw John a half-block off, and he waved to me, and I stopped and waited till he caught up. I had been walking past the campus, he was walking from it.

"Hello," he said, smiling.

"Hello," I said, and we started walking together. It is much better to have friends you don't have to talk all the time with.

However, he seemed very eager to talk. "Nice day," he said.

"Very nice," I said.

"Found any girls?" he asked.

"One would be enough," I told him. "No."

He cleared his throat and looked ahead of us, smiling.

.....

0,23

"I know this girl," he said.

"Oh?"

"Well, it's a peculiar situation," John said. "She's not exactly a prostitute. I mean she's a lovely girl, and this is for cases of ned, really. I mean there wouldn't-- there couldn't be any love,in this case, or anything like that."

"You mean she will go to bed with me for money," I said. "Is she nice? I mean, there are all these whores on 63d Street, and -- they scare me a little--"

"No no, she's not like them," said John. "She is soft and cultured and intelligent."

"Have you known her?" I asked him.

"Well, I'm a married man," he said.

"I know, I didn't mean--"

"She's been a close friend of mine," he said, smiling shyly at the horizon.

We paused in our talking, and continued to walk. I thought about it awhile. "What would this cost?"

"I know this girl," he said.

"Oh."

"Well, it's a peculiar situation," John said. "She's not exactly a prostitute. I mean she's a lovely girl, and this is for cases of bed, really. I mean there wouldn't -- there couldn't be any love, in this case, or anything like that."

"You mean she will go to bed with me for money," I said. "Is she nice? I mean, there are all these xxxxx whores on 53d Street, and -- they scare me a little --"

"No no, she's not like them," said John. "She is soft and cultured and intelligent."

"Made you known before" I asked him.

"Well, I'm a married man," he said.

xxxxx"I know, I didn't mean--"

"She's been a close friend of mine," he said, smiling shyly at the horizon.

We paused in our talking, and continued to walk.

I thought about it awhile. "What would this xxx cost?"

0,24

He looked at me quickly, looked away, kept walking. "Fifteen dollars?"

"Ten is more usual," I remarked.

"Well, I think ten would be all right."

"But if fifteen is the price? Well, ten is what I have," I made clear to him, though I suppose I could have gotten fifteen. It had been a long time.

"Why don't you have dinner with us tonight?" asked Frank. "I think that would be the easiest arrangement."

"And go over later."

"Yeah," he said. "That's right."

"This must seem very sordid to you, but I'm very grateful," I told him.

" Oh no, it's not sordid-- it's natural. What matters is the spirit of it." He made thoughtful, priestly gestures with his hands to the horizon.

"That's right," I agreed.

He gave me the address, his address that is, and told me six-thirty. I wrote on the back of a scholarship

He looked at me quietly, looked away, met walkin.

"Picture Solitaire?"

"Yes is more usual," I answered.

"Well, I think too wrong be all right."

"Are he friends in one prison? Mr. Weir, too is what I have," I was going to bite, though I suppose I could have gotten fifteen. It had been a long time.

"Why don't you have dinner with us tonight?" asked Jessa. ~~Hmmm~~ "I think that would be the easiest arrangement."

"Not so over later."

"Yeah," he said. "That's right."

"This time from very social to you, but I'm very grate-ful," I told him.

"Oh no, it's not social -- it's natural. Your sorrow in the spirit of it." He made thoughtful, primarily returned with his hands to the horizon.

"That's right," I agreed.

He gave me the address, his address that is, and told me air-thirty. I went were on the back drive somewhat

0,25

envelope, or in this case, a "we can't give you the scholarship till the budget is cleared" envelope.

"See you then?" He bent over a little, it was his upperclass background, like he instinctively wanted to bow.

"Yes indeed. John, thanks a lot."

"Don't mention it." Looking away, he turned off on a side street, and I watched him go-- his tweed suit held its press pretty well-- I think he turned back to where he had come from, and I went home to work.

The dinner invitation was a good idea, for that meant I could afford the movies again this weekend. I wore a necktie and my cleanest shirt for this. If it really was a nice girl, a friend of his, it might be very lovely, and I was not going to let the situation make me treat this girl disrespectfully. Men have married prostitutes. Perhaps this was just a kindly, easy girl from the University who needed money. That was most important; she was a girl. I needed to know girls, and not just for this.

This is a neighborhood where downstairs buzzers always

envelope, or in this case, a "we can't give you the scholarship till the budget is cleared" envelope.

"See you then?" he went over a little, it was his upperclass background, like he instinctively wanted to bow.

"Yes indeed. John, thanks a lot."

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This is a neighborhood where nonretaire buzzers always

0,26

work, no matter how bad the house, for nobody dares take chances. I rang the bu_zzer, and it buzzed back right away; as soon as I was through the door I heard Frank in the hall several floors above.

"Is that you, Philip?" he called, his feet thumping and creaking on the landing.

"Yes, it is," I called, starting to climb.

"Come on up," he said, in the most hostly way.

I was already coming upstairs, and he was on the landing, with a tie on too, and a girl, I guessed his wife, standing just inside the door.

"Philip, this is Denise, my wife," said John.

I smiled, and she did too. She was thin, and sweet-faced, and had light-brown hair ready to fall in one eye. "Welcome, Philip," she said.

"Come on in," said John. "Would you like some wine first?"

"Yes, love some," I said.

"Please sit down," said Denise.

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"Philip, this is Denise, my wife," she said soon.

I smiled, and she did too. She was thin, and sweet-faced, and had light-brown hair ready to fall in [illegible]. "Welcome, Philip," she said.

"Come on in," said John. "Would you like some wine first?"

"Yes, love some," I said.

"Please sit down," said Denise.

0,27

She and I sat down in what I supposed was the living room, though it was very small. "What a nice house," I said. There was not much furniture, no phonograph and of course not a television, and the bookshelf had only a few books.

"Thank you," she said, smiling very sincerely.

There were several charcoal sketches on the wall, mainly of Frank. They were not very good. "Are those by you?" I asked.

"Yes." She tossed her head back to get the hair out of her face, and smiled.

"They're wonderful," I said.

"Not really."

I cleared my throat and looked around some more.

"Frank told me you were in international economics," said Denise.

"Yes, I seem to be."

"Are you, uh, going for your master's?"

"In another year, if I stick it through," I said.

"Don't you think you will?"

0,28

"I don't like this place," I said.

"It is, very lonely." I looked back at her and she looked away.

"Here we go, wine," said Frank, coming in. He had it on a little tray. It was chianti. He had put ice in it.

"Ah, smells very good," I said. I waited for him to take the first sip, as one should, with wine. He looked at me.

"Would you like to propose a toast?" he asked. "Happiness or something like that?"

I held up my tumbler. "To the poor and lonely. May they be fixed up."

"I'll drink to that," said Denise.

"Yes indeed," said Frank. We all drank at the chianti.

Soon we picked ourselves and our glasses up, and went into the kitchen. There was one other room, which I did not see. We sat down to dinner at a regular kitchen table.

(Continue directly to p. 15)

0,29

but with a tablecloth on it, print and flowers, and a candle, sitting in some kind of old candle-dish. When we were sitting down Denise turned down the overhead bulb-- in this city there is always a switch hanging down by insulated cord-- and as the candle flickered she brought a casserole dish from the stove. She scooped it out for us-- we ate off paper plates, as many of us do, at graduate school-- and we ate. It was a one-dish meal, peas, rice, and a can of mushroom soup all baked together. She had put in a little curry, which made it not too bad, and certainly no worse than I would have had in my room.

"This is very good," I said.

"Well, it's all right, considering," she said.

"Lovely, honey," said John eagerly. "She can cook a piece of rock with a little ketchup and make it simply scrumptious."

"Maybe I'll have to, next week," said Denise.

Nobody said anything for a little

0,30

we ate noisily and looked around, while, and/I tried not to finish too soon, and ~~sort of~~ ate at the gravy with my fork.

"It's very nice this way, just friends," said John.

"It certainly is," said Denise. She looked from him to me kindly.

"Yes," I said, trying to make this as much of a comment as possible.

"Won't you have more," she said. There was only about a scoop left.

"Oh, no thank you," I said. "I'm full."

"Oh, go ahead," said John, picking up the casserole and gesturing with it toward me.

"I'll split it with you," I said. He gave me half and took the rest.

"What did Mr. Smith say about your thesis proposal?" Denise asked her husband.

"He said he thought it was too screwy but he'd ask around in the department," said John.

"Oh."

LIP SERVICE (B)

"I don't know anything else I could possibly write it on," said John. "This is really my topic. Everything with me has been leading up to it. I don't care much about other philosophy. I don't know what I'll do if I can't do this thesis."

"Maybe you could modify it and put in the historical angle," she said.

"It would take me another year," said John. "It would be a good thesis, but another year."

I finished my wine, and turned the glass to watch the piece of ice roll around the bottom.

"Well," said John, "I'm glad you could come to dinner, Philip, and you'll excuse me now, I have to be getting to the library." He got up and shook hands with me.

"I don't understand," I said, trying not to hint or anything in front of his wife.

"It's all right, it's all right," he said to me, nodding his head and smiling and edging toward the kitchen door.

0,32

"I thought we were going to go somewhere afterwards," I said, smiling at his wife to indicate that there was confusion. "I need an introduction from you."

"It's all right, it's all right," said Frank. "I'll see you tomorrow." I heard him go quickly through the hall and out the front door, and hurriedly down the stairs. I turned, all confused, to Denise.

"You're right, you have an appointment," said Denise, smiling hesitantly. "I am your appointment." She untied her apron, so she was wearing slacks and a blouse, and looking at me a little worriedly she put the apron very slowly on the sink.

"No," I said. "I don't know what you mean, but I was going to pay money-- this is very unfortunate, but you know, a lonely student--"

Hands at her sides, she stood there and nodded. "I'm the girl," she said.

"Oh no," I said.

"What's wrong?"

0,33

"But this is terrible," I said. "I can't do this with you."

"Why not?" she asked, standing there, trying to find out by looking at me what was wrong.

"You're his wife," I said.

"We need the money," she said. "And you need-- kindness?"

"A Different kind of kindness," I said. "This would be all wrong."

"Other things could be worse," she said, looking away with a gentle smile. "You're very nice."

"So are you," I said. "But my friend is your husband."

"He doesn't want me to work," she said. "He wants me to read and learn and listen to records. He's right. I've seen wives that go out and work. I don't want to get hard like that."

"You wouldn't get hard," I said. "You're beautifully soft and gentle. You wouldn't change badly."

"But this is better," she said gently, looking up at me.

0,34

"You are a kind friend."

"I think I'd rather go," I said, very upset.

"Oh, don't go," she said. "You're a guest. If you don't want to do that, stay awhile and talk."

I couldn't refuse, for she was just as confused and upset as I was. We went back in the living room with what was left of the wine, and sat at the ends of the couch. There was nothing to say.

"How long have you been living here?" I asked.

"A year," she said. "Where do you live?"

"54th and Blackstone," I said. "One room with cooking. It's very nice and quiet."

"How long have you been living there?" she asked. In conversing she was just as nervous and mechanical as I am.

"Three months," I said. "I have cockroaches."

"So do we."

"Mine aren't bad, really. I only see them when I study late."

" Oh."

0,35

"Oh," she said.

"I'm very sorry about your situation," I said.

"Oh, it's not your fault," she said. "But if you would like to do what we were talking about..."

If not my fault, whose was it? I pulled out my wallet.

"Here. Listen, just keep the money."

"I'm sorry, I won't," she said, pushing the bill back with her hand and bending it back. "You need it too. And we're not going to live on charity."

"Then-- I don't think I better--"

She looked at me with sweet sadness. "Don't you want to?" She was in that moment lovely, and looked at me more kindly than anyone had since I was in love in high school.

"But, John is my friend," I said.

"That's the point," she said. "I'd rather you than some stranger."

That thought stopped me, and allowed me to desire her. "I certainly wouldn't want that," I told her.

"Neither would I," she said, smiling at me hesitantly.

"There's something immoral about it," I said.

"None of us believes that," she said correctly. "But

0,36

it is awkward, and what counts is the spirit among us."

"We all have to keep up spirit," I said.

"That's right," she said, looking at me seriously.

I felt very sad, thinking of how long I had been without a girl, and without anything very much, and I knew it was beginning to show in my face, for her look was very tender and concerned.

"I do want to do it," I said.

"So do I," she said.

"Not just for the sensation," I said frankly.

"Not just for the money," she said.

"I don't want to hurt you and Frank."

"I want you to be happier."

"Oh, God," I said, and slammed my fist into the back of the couch.

"Frank wants you to be happier, too," said Denise, in the same thoughtful tone.

"Thank you," I said. I wanted everything to be intelligent and kindly and not mixed up. We looked at each other for a few seconds.

0,37

"Would you like to kiss me?" asked Denise. All her little body was gentle and kind, and she brushed the hair out of her eye so it would not get in my way.

"No," I said, "I don't think that would be a good idea."

"It's all right," said Denise.

"It wouldn't be."

"Frank and I talked it over."

"No," I said, "I don't want to kiss you."

"Well then," said Denise. "I guess." She stood up.

"The bedroom is the other room, huh," I said.

"We could pull down the shades here if you prefer."

"No, no." I followed her in. She did not turn on the light. "Leave the door a little open so we can see," she said. She stepped over and put her arms around me. I was immediately excited.

"You're a very nice person," she said.

"Let's hurry," I said, for I was tremendously embarrassed.

0,88

"Of course," she said.

We hurried, and it was more than I had remembered. "You are a dear, gentle person," I said, wanting to say much more, but there was no more to say.

"Oh, Philip," she said, and kissed me.

"Don't kiss me," xxxxx I said.
"I want to kiss you. I want you to kiss me."
"No--"
"Please kiss me," she said.

I kissed her at once, and very gladly, though the x ~~framework of the~~ situation xx was not a glad one. And I knew at once my mistake, for from the way she moaned and turned herself and hugged me I could tell at once she was in love with me. But under the circumstances there was no stopping.

Afterward, resting, I said, "That was nicer than I wanted it to be."

"We are going to do this again, I mean, aren't we?" Her voice was clear but not very loud.

"I don't think so," I said.

"I thought it was going to be axx regular thing. I

mean, I don't want to have to get used to all different people."

"That would be bad," I said.

"Please come again."

"All right."

"When will be next time?"

"A week from now, I think. I can't afford it any more often."

She cleared her throat, but continued looking at the ceiling. "Five dollars would be all right."

"But you'll get the same amount of money either way."

"That's right," she said.

"But I would prefer five dollars," I said.

"And more often?"

"And more often."

"Okay," she said.

"Thank you,"I said, getting up.

"Thank you," she said, also starting up.

"Stay there," I said. "Wait for your husband."

0,40

"He won't be here for hours," she said. "I'll see you to the door." She did get up.

I put the ten dollars on the dresser, a very old one. I put it under her hair brush. "Ten this time," I said.

"It can be five," she said.

"I promised Frank."

"Listen," she said. "I don't want you to think you should only come over here for this."

"Oh, no, no, of course not."

"You're a friend," she said, "and this doesn't change a friend's privileges of dropping in."

"I know," I said. "Thank you again."

"Come over for coffee Saturday afternoon," she said.

"Will Frank be here?" I asked, and before she could tell me, I added, "I want him to be here."

"Yes, he will," she said. "Really, I meant only what I said."

We were at the door of the apartment, both dressed. "Good night," I said.

She turned up her face to me. "It is appropriate to

0,41

kiss me goodbye," she said. "Though just tonight, not on Saturday."

"No it's not. You're such a lovely couple. I want everything to be right."

"Goodbye, Philip,"she said, for I was on the landing. "Come again soon."

"I will," I said, and left.

Next day at coffee I saw Frank. "Hello," he said.

"Hi." ~~I went~~ With my cup I walked to where he was sitting in the lounge, not wanting to. ~~with my cup. I didn't want to.~~

"Hello," he said again when I got there.

"How are you?"

"Was everything all right?"

"Fine,"I said miserably.

"I'm sorry I didn't explain before."

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "Nice little surprise."

"Denise told me you were upset."

"No, no, not really," I said. "I'm a very liberal person, and very adaptable, I was just startled."

0,42

"It is unusual," he said.

"True."

"But it's only temporary. And it's very human."

!

He leaned forward on that word, looking at me earnestly.

"Yes," I said, "It's very human."

"A lot of ways of getting money aren't," he said.

"Research assisting and grading papers, terrible stuff."

"COCK ROBIN." Cont. ingerg. & text.

S·1,2

LEADING DECISIONS m etc. 9 July 61

SYMBOLISM.

Life's surprises & accidents (HOW SHE FUCKS)
Dark volitions (ditto)
Having to wait out the consequences.

The original plot-card (dated 00247):
Great plot. Play? "Lover in The Pear-Shaped Cage."
2 brothers and a siter in a setting conducive to arrogance and pride. Old Spain? USA today-- family corporation? Certainly could make it a comedy, in some ways.
SHE is proud and attractive, powerful and reserved.
EVERY NOW AND THEN she goes sexually wild with xxx some guy who didn't expect it at all.
The two brothers-- though she tries not to let the episode be known-- invariably capture and imprison the lover. When it is clear she is not pregnant, they shoot him.
Because she doesn't pick men of her own class-- and because she is aloof from men generally-- they will not be suspected.
IF she were pregnant, the brothers would have him marry her. IF not, to avoid it becoming known, he is shot.
IF he is married they hold back, for he would not reveal; and a stooge could be found if she were pregnant.
THE PRISONERS WANT TO MARRY HER, some of them. Brothers do not permit her to know of it-- or keep her from realization she could save him.
...
I see a short musical, like Dreigroschenoper. Where big scene is in the basement dungeon. Guy is in cage shaped like inverted pear. In one scene guy shoots him. Dialogue: "At least give me a fair chance in a duel. It is only honorable." / "Honor does not lie in formalities. Honor directs me to shoot you." BANG

(another plot-card, 00359.)
N PLOT OF COCK ROBIN
Abelard (Pete Appleyard) talks his way out of death, is given choice between castration and lobotomy, takes the former only after allowing himself to be persuaded by thugs & crafty young man /men that this is the more honorable, intellectual course. And N.B. FOR SURROUNDING NOVEL & MY OTHER STUFF. He thinks he is shrewd in taking this far; in this maintained hybris he is suffering the last indignity, for he is allowing himself to lose his commitment to no mutilation, and acquiring new motivation unsuited to his old self.

S1,3

(Card 00397)
Some despotic trial.
A burly executioner eats watermelon or apples, and, when each charge is read, spits a pit or throws a core into a certain satchel.
Your relative is asked if he can lift it. If he can, you get option of paying fine.

~~HXXIXXXXX~~
(Card 00400)
He is confronted with, and constantly reiterates, choice of death or castration in the event of bad luck. This can be a source of humor as he asks, "Which do you think is manlier?" etc.

(fraction of a card 00398.)
CHIEF IS SMART & ACCOMODATING.
Brothers wanted to cook Appleyard's goose, but somebody else-- who? made the decision.

S1,4

MAJOR SCENE SEQUENCE

9 July 61

Valet books in; Appleyard revealed

Scene with brothers and Ellie. Ellie exits & brothers-confronted.
It is explained we are waiting to find out about pregnancy.)
PROBLEM DEFINED. Brothers' demands, threat & choice propounded.
Nervous monologue by Welkin
Hearing
Scene with Appleyard & warden (Why? Nothing to say between them.)

Scene with Appleyard & valet

Big scene with Ellie

LEADS RIGHT TO TRIAL

CHOICE MADE: Why does he surprise her?

S1,5

9 JULY 1961

"Cock Robin"

A treatment of Abelard in one act, by John Dog.

~~The action of the play takes place at an indifferent time at the Institute of Procedural Justification in a somewhat obscure place, urban or rural.~~

All the viewer need know ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ of history is that Peter Abelard, a great university professor of the middle ages, had a love affair with a young girl he was tutoring named Héloise, and for revenge was castrated by her kinsmen. These are some thoughts about this. ~~with a grievous lack of authenticity~~ Their ~~love~~ famous love letters are here considered to be post hoc, propter hoc and irrelevant. Irrelevant also are the actual historic details.

The cast:

ELLIE, a girl
APPLEYARD, a prisoner
Ogo, ~~QUIRE,~~ his valet
Mr. WEKW, ~~MR. WOOD~~, head of the institution
~~OGO and PAUL,~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ brothers of ELLIE
HEATHKIT and
PARAMETER, ~~attendants~~
TICKLE & BIG TWEAK, attendants

The action of the play takes place at ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the Institute of Procedural Justification, a building in a somewhat obscure place, urban or rural.
The time is indifferent.

S1,12

A

(Up curtain. The scene is a curious chamber: a glass case of surgical instruments, something like a barber chair, and a long counter with a typewriter and tall faucets. But most important is a pear-shaped cage, six feet tall with the narrow end pointed down, that is suspended above the stage. It is constructed to hold one person in a standing position; the prisoner may stand only uncomfortably, and if he shifts position he will tilt the cage. He may sort of lie against the side, which will tilt the cage to 65°. At the back is a squarish opening for excretion, below which dangles a kitchen pot with a loop handle. There is currently in the cage a prisoner, Appleyard, but he is scrunched in the bottom of it with chin on his knees, and will not be recognizable until pointed out.

Behind the counter stands Mr. Welkin, the head of the institution. He is reading a Sunday supplement. ~~Near the side of the stage, as though he has just entered, stands~~ Fugers Quirt, Appleyard's valet, with a doctor's bag or carpet-bag in his hand.) Behind him is Heathkit.

W Who is without?

Y An equerry with an inquiry.

V Is this the Institute of Procedural Justifcation?

W. That is one name for it.

V Tell me then on this. I seek my employer, Mr. Appleyard, Herein detained, or so declares this note. (Holds up a form postcard.)

A ~~Ah, the ties of demeanor withstand these sorrows.~~ I welcome your loyalty into this misfortune.

W Behold, he is withup.

V My lord!

V I bring Toothbrush, credentials, brief summary of your working life and prospects, pills, pictures of family, money and tobacco in several forms.

~~Is there medicament for my predicament?~~

W Place it there. He will get it.

V Of what service, to what end, with what speed, may I discharge my appointed details? These three days I am distracted for lack of meaning endeavor.

V Mlud, how grim your pendulation.

A Before this they put me in a barred filing cabinet.

W Others have spoken well of how comfortably this one rocks.

A No dopier than that I, from whom your activity derives structure and sense, should hang here half-a-week with no wit of what for. Thrice have I demanded of this staff an explanation, a habeas corpus, or even a newspaper; but there issue only soothing words.

W Mr. Appleyard, we are not a punitive, but a diagnostic, institution.

S1, 13

B

V Then whence these tools of bitter mien
That lie in the cabinet, making such clatter to the eye?

W Sluice for draining eyeballs, funnel for swallowing our long hot draughts of medicine, needles and syringes of every length, locks and pincers for ingenious anatomical abstraction;
Devices ~~and ointments~~ that distill and unify all pain.

V ~~or A~~ Is this not an institution for research, and elevation? culture ~~and affection?~~

W That's what it says on the plaque outside; but this is how we run it.

W To answer, Mac, would please me apace. But the prospects are unclear.

A May I get Inkling neither of charges nor range of thinkable fate?

H You gotta wait till we get the materials together.

A Such indignity befalls me.

A I who have ~~had students~~ advised great courts, have had cringing adulators and students of brilliance ~~and students~~, have made other men of learning wait for hours,

H We don't care who youse had onct, youse is here now.

A Oh petulant ache of disregard!

V (Holding up bottle brightly) A pill?

A. There's no medicament for my predicament. (But ~~he~~ reaching down.) I will.

Thus jugged and juggled
Criminent lies

S1,14
~~S1,12~~

C

(SCENE WITH BROTHERS) (AND HEAD OFINSTITUTION) (AND ELLIE, with cheroot.)

(1) W After torture we would have to kill you, because of Public Opinion. We would not want it known that we tortured people.

(A scream offstage.)

W Excuse me. I must see to some paperwork.

(re castr.)

W It would be unquthorized.

A Then it cannot occur!

W Hardly. Unauthorized merely means-- unsupervised. (Don't worry, we have sterile instruments.)

(brothers) You run the busness so good.

~~Shall milady whelp, or no?~~

(One brother talks wistfully with prisoner about how it Must Have Been Great.
A: 'You don't get time to really enjoy it.')

~~(brothers say she's too young to get married.)~~

(Revelation of her nympho background.)

(5) (Conversation, sister & brothers, reiterating past. How one brother shot a guy. She is child'shly cold to Appleyard. But she is surprised to learn that other guys previous wanted to marry her.
"We abridged the explanation because of your tender years."

~~(Let Appleyard just now learn he wasn't her only)~~

~~(5)~~ E. (3) You made me bleed before. If I bleed again, we bleed together.
(Brothers poo-poo her having been a virgin.)

O. You know perfectly well we got to go through this every time.

(4) ~~O~~x E Can't you let me love or marry as I will?

P We got family pride.

O. You marry, you get all the money.
Besides, we don't want to lose you.

P You're so much better company than other girls.

~~O We promised old Dad not to debase the family name.~~

E But this is not like those others. He is a man of learning.

O No family, no money. That ain't learning.

S1,6

~~COCK ROBIN: fragments. (No carbon.) 9 July~~

In this hearing we go by strict legal precedent. I have been referred by a friend of the court to this text. Say, it is an old one... it says, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," which we interpret to mean that damage shall ~~xxxxxxxx~~ inflicted on the defendant in some system of correspondence to his depredation of the plaintiff.

But she is whole and hale! She has, in fact, a certain affection-inducing luster which was not there initially, to my recollection.

Ah. Well, be that as it may, it is our understanding that plaintiff did have willfully ruptured by defendant her hymen?

But she was not a virgin. There is no specification that a maidenhead ~~hymen~~ must be ~~an~~ the original. The one she had was surgically rebuilt at great expense.

~~But there is no corresponding operation.~~

I cannot be deflowered;

The court interprets there to be a such, the act of castration.

Crimmentalies!

Objection, your honor. I did her no hysterectomy. The corresponding act ~~which~~ is one of mild blood-letting and initiation; ~~should~~ I propose circumcision, considered by many to be both hygienic and of religio-sentimental value, heh heh.

Objection overruled. It is the court's understanding that You did not chop about her, but got straight to the point. So, in equity, must it befall you should there be an adverse judgement.

~~(Enumeration at end.)~~

~~ALIENATION OF AFFECTIONS~~

~~CORRUPTION OF A MINOR~~

~~BREAKING AND ENTERING~~

S1,15

D

(Scene with Appleyard & warden)

W Let's not dicker! Would you rather be a husk with musk
or a rind with a mind?

A You seem a man of background. Perhaps we can discuss things reasonably.

W Your delight was in ~~xxxxx~~ young delights; my business is
in handling the likes of you. Therefore each of us is
going about his business.

A Surely there can be some happier accomodation.
W I am satisfied at any outcome which I supervise according to
the proper canons. The best outcome is for you to under-
stand, and recognize the jurisdiction of, ~~xxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the result.

A disjointed symbiosis.

A Ask not, is it meet?
W But rather —— how may I adjust to it?

A. As a man of the world, what would you do in my position?

W It strikes me — and I mean this kindly — that your
social trivia (I might almost say bad habits) have overrun
your professional situation. In a contest of ~~importance~~
~~merit, there is little question~~ of
merit, one can easily tell which the more enduring.

A You mean that loves and such all pass ——

W Have you not dabbled enough?

A -But each peccadillo ~~has~~ is a differential source of joy ——

W

A You appease no doubts with that.
W Then cast it thus:

Imagine yourself, mind gone, trying to recapture
the ~~source and~~ design and meaning of your earlier self, ~~the ideas on which it sat~~
the ideas you early ~~wasted~~ tossed and crackled with such celerity and floridity.

Try the other end. See yourself benumbed,
And squatting when before you would have stood. forgotten with your body
Still you know why, and it is taller knowledge for you. You'll have
What still stands up in your mind. But you'll be freed of distractions that sit on you now.

S1,16

E

(Scene with Ellie-- beginning.)

(IT IS HER CHILD-VINDICTIVENESS & HER BROTHERS' WANT OF HER.)

(He gets orange juice-- containing prob. a potion?-- bought by a special fund. She gets some other drink, perhaps a scotch and soda.) But they get switched around.)
(Poisons: "the boss seems nervous tonight.")

... cook up a storm of enthusiasm moist and yearnings tactile? No-- this brings a random tear to the eye, and frets up such need as the taker has waiting in him. It brings homesickness to the traveler, despair to the student, uncertainty to the monarch and cynicism to the lover.

Appleyard, in his cage under a canary-cover, overhears talk of a potion.
Then, left alone with her, glasses are switched; she gets his orange juice, he her Scotch.
The talk of the potion was ambiguous-- he thinks it was for her, wants to get it himself so he'll love her and maybe get courage to come around and sell her into marrying him.
So he switches glasses. But we can't tell from that who got it.
A key is on the table by which she can open the cage, let him down and to her.
She does not, or something. Maybe the key doesn't work. And why was it left? I want the chief torturer to come to center stage at some point-- but why is he thus motivated? Professionalism?

Some despotic trial.
A burly executioner eats watermelon or apples, and when each charge is read, spits a pit or throws a core into a certain satchel.
Your relative is asked if he can lif it. If he can, you get option of paying fine.

He is confronted with, and constantly reiterates, choice of death or castration in the event of bad luck. This can be a source of humor as he asks, "Which do you think is manlier?" etc.

CHIEF IS SMART & ACCOMODATING; Brothers wanted to cook Appleyard's goose, but somebody else-- who? made the decision.

S1, 7

There is a time when stage is in darkness, and the cage is tilted and covered. The valet comes in. He stands a moment behind the counter, with his arms on it, his hands clasped and his head down. Sounds of clanking, then he comes up again. He lights a cigar, which he has taken from Appleyard's case. The sheet over the cage parts, though Appleyard can only look at the audience, not sideways to Quirt.

Who's fiddling in my chattels?
M'lud! Will you a cigar?
Ah, the ties of demeanor withstand these sorrows. I am glad of your loyalty. Very well. I thought to nap but am sleepless.
Truly, sleep is hard won in this gloom and Lysol. Here. I havelit it for you.
Thanks, Quirt.

M'lud, have you considered fully?
Have I considered which? Everything is considerable here.
(Appleyard puffs the cigar through the parting now and then, then brings the cigar in with him and blows smoke out the hole. It also sinks from under the cover.)
The choice which Mr. Flatfisk propounds you.
Ah, good old faithful servant. You know about heraldry, broadcloth and tailoring, but what know you of decisions?
It is not to be forgotten that my advice attended many of your decisions. The better ones, sir.
Advise me, then. I must think of a new name for your post.
It is to be recalled, sir, that as of January last, I became your General Secretary. The shift in the quality of duties, it was pointed out at the time, and the honor of the post, offset the lowered salary.

(HIS ARGUMENTS:
1. Possibility of failure. Future. Past over.
2. Honor. Honor of the thing, sir, does not require you to die. Endurance is, in all sensible circles, regarded

OVER

My Lord is unhinged!

as more honorable than precipitate sacrifice. Increase of students, at least three requiring attention. Lecture tours, manuscripts. Singing lessons. More sensible hours and less difficulty arising ~~[illegible]~~ in the morning, less difficulty with the townspeople, etc.

S1,8

¢

ARGUMENT WITH ELLIE

Did you not love me?

As you me, in slick bodily interaction...
No affection?
You said to me, ...

Could you not better face death without me, than
fractional dismemberment?

I would take care of you.

ELLIE & APPET. SCENE

She mad at him

They reminisce

She softens, he grows apologetic & spineless

They prepare to try to ~~s~~ screw

S1,9

In this fine moment, with ~~xxxx~~ the chances poor,
I can love you more, and more nobly
Than ever in your garret or your sunny field.
Mice were better than fluorescents

You were the dearest mouse of all.

No longer! Now I am ennobled. ~~Xxx~~ Now's a chance
~~xx~~ Sadly, bleakly, ~~xxxx~~ uncomfortably to announce
And act out once again, our little love.
th.

~~I all akimbo and agape await.~~

Noblest emotions
~~Noble thoughts~~
~~With noble tenderness~~
stand in state;
I all akimbo and
agape await.

E
A
A
E

Can it be done?
Here. Take the potty;
~~I stand agape, a-waiting.~~ yearn.
My lips and my imperiled process ~~are to go.~~ ~~Ah! dear teacher;~~
~~I reach for you and touch but bars~~
Though reaching for you I may touch but bars,
All of each other we can ever touch
Is just upholstered cages; ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx I rejoice~~
~~We may rejoice that intermittently~~
The inner gremlin twinkles. Oops-- it holds not.

My lips and my imperiled process wait.

But rejoice!

~~That In enough~~ ~~Clear~~
~~Transparent enough~~ That intermittently
Through (chink or cheek)

~~Agape, aw~~

~~My lips~~ ~~Lips and~~ ~~Imperiled process stand in state state;~~

~~My Lips, in~~ ~~Imperiled process and~~ ~~I all akimbo and agape, await.~~

S1,10

(He backs as much as he can, so the cage is approximately balanced.)

Grab the bars--

There!

Love, at last.

(We vaguely discern that she clambers to the hole and lifts her skirt.)

It gives! (She drops off backward, falling unseen behind the counter with a thud.)

My darling, are you all right?

Fine, love!

(Then she moans disastrously.)

What gives?

I am monstrous!

Monstrous!

S1,11

(Valet picks her up from floor.)

Trial - Carpetbag bit.

V You see, my Lord, she is unstable.

E Apple dear, I am undimmed for you!

W Have you decided the forking of your option?

A I have done so. I choose-- castration.

E. Apple!

A. At ease, my dear. As you see, it is only hypothetical.

E. I am shook by this polarity. You would leave me a snappish pillow, deprived of its electric membership.

A. But could such learning be destroyed?

E. Then you would save the knowledge at the cost of its (sigh) implementation. ~~then~~

A. My darling, you have but to lift the bag.

W Make the judgment. Others need to use the room.

A. And, I, my mouse, hop and swoon for you as never ere.

E. However this shall eventuate — know I will care for your lovely rectitude, whether you still can lecture or not.

Both. Not wilted nor sorrowed, we shall persist together.

W. Okay, let us save the sentiment for more tangible outcome. The hearing ~~shall~~ begins. As you shall be aware, we are an investigatory agency, and we wish to do those things amicably, informally, and off the record.

O. (Clearing throat) It is evident that milady will not whelp.

Alienation of affections ~~(five pits~~ (a pit,)

Corruption of a minor (three pits,)

Indecent exposure, ~~(a pit~~ (a banana peel,)

Breaking and entering (five pits, and the rind is thrown in.)

The judgement awaits.

Cheating!

Grotesquery!

Marvelous!

Oh, Ellie, do you realize? On Apple darling.

OPA E

O. Enough {incanting! of blissful incantations! Effect our purpose.

W. ~~It is clear that~~ This sits clearly as a family matter. By precedent, family things ~~should~~ are not handled by formal methods; they cram so badly to rules and qualifications.

P. Enough of evasion and platitude! Deliver him over.

O ~~W.~~ We also need a whetstone.

W. You are premature.

P. Yeah, but don't forget.

A. Enough of trickling! Out with the setup.

W. We do it thus (I got it from a book:)
We'll weigh his sins, and see how heavily he errs.
The enumeration will compile
Into his satchel here; and for the test,
If the affronted ~~[illegible]~~ babe can lift the bag,
We let him go, ~~[illegible]~~ paying just register and process costs.

O ~~[illegible]~~ Curious but ironical. Let's us hope on a heavy settlement.

E. All my muscles attend this opportunity.

~~[illegible]~~

A. In confusion I protest. It is irregular. You disguise ~~what decision~~ what you hold ready in some charade.

~~Marvelous!~~

P. Tis so. What know we of the symbols he has picked for your atrocities? A black feather might be it.

~~A. Would God.~~

~~A. Crim~~

A. Would so.

W. Mark now how the attendants eat fruit. A remembrance of the bad fruits that you tasted jointly.

~~A. Would so,~~ ~~Oh Apple darling!~~

W. Now mark. Can she not lift the bag
Remove it from our sight, then pays the fine,
And Appleyard stands to lose what he has chosen.
How tilts the prisoner? What shall it be?

To A

S1,17

F

(TRIAL)

A You are but accessories to our great story, with no intrinsic interest.

W think that ~~not~~ slower if you will.
Now time now, for I'm off ~~to~~ delighted to realms of whooshing internal celebrations.

H Okay, lady, it's up to you.
(She is infected with joy.)

O W We got him then?
Take him and do it. Quietly, please.

I'm so disappointed. Please, Ellie, at least bless my researches? Then goodbye.

(They lead him away. His walk is scrawny from the cage, but not slow or shuffling. She watches them go, then sinks and ~~xxxx~~ weeps.)

(the ingot of despair comes out of the bag at the end.)

COCK ROBIN

A treatment of Abelard in one act

by John Dog.

11 July 1961

(second patch-draft)

(All the viewer need know of history is that Peter Abelard, a great ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ university professor of the middle ages, was castrated by the kinsmen of a student named Héloise ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ on account of his affair with her. These are some thoughts on this. Their famous love letters are here considered propter hoc and irrelevant; irrelevant also are the actual historic details.)

The cast:

ELLIE, a girl
APPLEMARD, a prisoner
OGO, his valet
Mr. WELKIN, head of the institution
HEATHKIT and
PARAMETER, brothers of ELLIE
TICKLE and
BIG TWEAK, attendants

The action of the play takes place at an official place in some obscure location, urban or rural. The time is indifferent.

(Up curtain. The scene is a curious chamber: a glass case of surgical xx instruments, x some kind of chair, and a long counter with a typewriter and tall faucets. But most important is a pear-shaped cage, six feet tall with the narrow end pointed down, that is suspended above the stage. It is constructed to hold one person uncomfortably standing. If he leans in any direction, the cage will xxx tilt to 65°. At the back is a squarish opening for excretion, below xx which dangles a kitchen pot with a loop handle. There is a prisoner in the bottom, crouched with his chin on his knee. Behind the counter stands WELKIN, the head of the institution. He is reading a Sunday supplement. There is a knock.)

W Who is without?

O An equerry with an inquiry.

W ~~Be admitted then.~~ Incept yourself.

(Enter Ogo, Appleyard's valet, with a satchel in his hand. A guard follows.)

O Is this the Institute of Procedural Justification?

W That is one name for it.

O Tell me then on this. I seek my employer, Mr. Appleyard, Herein detained, or so declares this note. (Holds up a form postcard.)

W Behold, he is withup.

O My lord!

A Ah, the ties of demeanor withstand these sorrows. I welcome your loyalty into this misfortune.

O I bring toothbrush, credentials, briefs summary of your working life and xx prospects, pills, pictures of family, money and tobacco in several forms.

W Place it there. He will get it.

O M'lud, how grim yourx pendulation.

A Before this they put me in a barred filing cabinet.

W Some say this one rocks comfortably.

O Of what service, to what end, with what speed, may I make busy? ~~This~~ These three days I am distracted for want of meaning endeavor.

A ~~X~~ No dopier than that I, from whom your activity derives structure and sense, should hang here half-a-week with no with of what for. Thrice have I demanded of this staff an explanation, a habeus corpus, or even a newspaper; but there issue only soothing words.

W Mr. Appleyard, we are not a punitive, but a diagnostic, institution.

O Then whence these tools of bitter mien ~~xxx~~ That lie in the cabinet, making such clatter to the eye?

W ~~Sixxxx Syxxxxxx~~ Toothy syringes, pincers for ingenious anatomical abstraction; eyeball sluice, funnels for our long hot draughts of medicine,, ~~xxx~~ devices that distill and unify all pain.

O Is this not an instituion for research, culture and elevation?

W That's what it says on the plaque outside; but this is how we run it.

A May I get inkling neither of charges nor range of thinkable fate?

~~Twmwmwmwmwmwmwmwmwmwm~~

W To answer, Mac~~x~~, would please me apace. But the prospects are unclear.

T You gotta wait till we get the materials together.

A Such indignity befalls me. I who have advised great courts, have made other men of learning wait for hours, have had cringing adulators and students of brilliance.

T We don't care who youse had onct, youse is here now.

A Oh petulant ache of disregard!

O Holding up bottle brightly) A pill?

A There's no medicament for my predicament.

(But reaching down:) I will.

(Enter BIG TWEAK.)

Tw Boss, you are nervous tonight. / It's the end of the fiscal year.

Tw That family ~~is here, Mr. Welkin~~ has arrived.

W Splendid! Let 'em in.

(Enter ELLIE, HEATHKIT and PARAMETER)

H How's the bird? I see that all that dangles is not jolly.

W Your explanations are here, Mr. Appleyard.

(A scream offstage.)

Excuse me. I must see to some paperwork.

(Exit, followed by GUARDS.)

A Bright girl that loved your lessons,
And mispronounced so much; tuition-payers:
Before I wished to help you into my cage of knowledge; now I want out.

Out he says: who last so wanted in.

P [illegible]

A My Ellie! How tenderly you held my book,

Like it had been a kitty-cat.

E (Lighting a cheroot)

Your sentimental purr is stupid.

H Okay, creep, I guess you oughta hear the situation. Get rid of him.

A Ogo, see if any arrangements are called for.

O I shall check the ante-rooms, sir.

E Explain it quickly. I so hate this scene.

H You have violated our sister. Right?

P Right.

A Sir!

P And you gotta pay for it, right, Heathkit?

H Right.

A Sir!

E Don't sir them. They don't notice manners.

H We are waiting to see if our sister is pregnant.

P And if she is , you're lucky.

H If she is, you marry her.

P But if she isn't--

H (throat-slitting gesture) Qpkhht!

[illegible]

A Ellie! Is this jest?

[illegible]

P We are a family of great honor. It would be a great dishonor on us should our sister become illicitly pregnant. In that case you marry her.

H Voluntarily or posthumously.

P But if not you have to go.

A Why?

H We don't want word should get around.

A But I'd not talk about it!

P Absolutely not.

A She only made a little mistake.

P Nay, 'twas you that made the goof of grief.

A But why can't I just marry her?

H Think we want you in the family?

A Ellie, sure there is a misunderstanding.

E Then clear it up by listening.

You made me bleed once; can you think away the next?

H Now you skip that part about having been a virgin.

We know all about it. We got to go through this every time. You know perfectly well

E Aw--

P It's not we like doing this, it's honor.

H But we've gotten good at it.

A Am I not the first?

H Every now and then she gets wild.

P Sorry it had to be you.

E Can't you let me love or marry as I will?

H We got family pride. And all these guys are rotters.

P You run the business so good.

H Besides, we don't want to lose you.
E You're more fun than other girls. * In fact we don't know any.
A Then your sweet innocence was put on?

E I fooled you, then. Wasn't I good?

A Methought there to have been a physiological authenticity.

H We get her sewn up every time. It's more spiritual.

W To relieve the confusion, I must take charge. Here we try to get the best of both tradition andw mollifying family atmosphere. Thus we try to apply precedent with understanding.

The brothers' planned revenge on this fellow is not the only alternative. A friend of the court has referred us to this text-- say, it <u>is</u> an old one-- it says, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," which we interpret to mean that damage shall be inflicted on the defendant in some system of correspondence to his depredation of the plaintiff.

A But she is whole and hale! She has, in fact, a certain affection-inducing luster which was not there initially, to my recollection.

W Yet it is averred that she lost her maidenhead to you.

A But it was not her <u>original</u>!

A There is no specification that it must be the original.

H It was surgically rebuilt at great expense.

W The same destruction is thus your due.

A But I cannot be deflowered; there is no correspobding operation.

W The court interprets there to be a such. She has lost hers, so shall you yours.

~~Reading of [illegible] choice~~ (2)

~~[illegible]~~ → (1)

(she) Calls male. (3)

~~You made me bleed before~~

(Brother)

- Now you skip that part. We know all about it

~~(she) Can't you let me marry~~ (4)

~~Revelation of nymphoing~~

You mean?

All the other guys

~~Reminiscence~~

~~I just wanted an apology. Or a good k~~

(she) serves them right. They never even apologized properly. Or even said they liked it tried to kiss me or anything.

A My what?

P What you got?

A Huh?

W We give you the option of being castrated.

A Criminentlies!

W Indeed.

A Objection, your honor. I did her no hysterectomy. She was initiated, at xxx cost of little blood or weight. I propose that circumeision corresponds properly; and merry, it has indeed to some a religio-sentimental value, heh heh.

W It is the court's understanding that you did not chop about her, but straightaway took the most central thing. So, in equity, must it befall you should there be an adverse judgment.

A How can this happen in a public institution?

W Oh, of course it would be xxx unauthorized.

A Then it cannot occur.

W To us, unauthorized means "unsupervised."

(Brothers show glee.)

A Well, I mean, if you're so set on all this, don't you suppose it could be just some very horrid but temporary torture?

W That seems xxxy reasonable, but you see, after torture we would have to kill you because of public opinion. We would not want it known that we tortured people.

A Ellie, you remember how we lived?
Shut up

E This is my business

H Oh yeah?

E The ungrateful wretches
wouldn't marry me

H Well, we didn't tell you quite right
⋮
We got pride
(She accedes & gets carried away)
We got real honor (anecdote)
She runs the business so well
See? I can do lots of things!

#00400

1,22

CR ldr INSERTIA

(An odd monologue by X Appleyard to give him dignity.)

I address God.

Miasm, poltergeist, putative sensibility,
Author with a leaky pen,
[illegible]
Of the daily grind both wheelwright and miller;
Engineer of hot pants, cold shivers and tepid time,
Precaution for the nervous in the dock.

Thus jugged and juggled . . .

ODD FICTION folder (From 'Odd Fiction' Notebook) (Miscellaneous Carbons from same notebook in other folder) FLOODED